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No advertisement, reflecting upon private character

my own observation I would rather see England con-

ending with the whole of Europe than with this country. I am no maker, nor have I any doubt of my power, and with all my beloved country, and, if need be, could again handle a musket for her honor and glory, but the day that war is declared between these two mighty rivals a contest will be commenced that will bring more horrors in its train than the world ever yet witnessed.

There is another item which I am like to forget.—Many of my countrymen place great dependence on the abolitionists, or friends of freedom in this country; but I assure you their greatest protection here is their insignificance. They flourish as long as thought harmless, but the slightest suspicion of their collusion with a foreign foe, and they would be annihilated; in fact, I have proved to my entire satisfaction that these terrible and exciting questions are only intended for political effect; but attach any importance to them affecting the interests of the country, and you are deceived. Very truly, &c.

astonished to hear that many children of foreigners, and, in fact, foreigners themselves, are know-nothings, started to proscribe them; but such is the fact. Have extended my remarks further than I intended, but they have one desirable feature—that is, truth. Should they prove acceptable, I may again intrude on you.

I remain yours,

JAMES B. WARREN.

Buffalo, New York, January 11, 1876.

Is it a Ghost, or Is it not ?

As the watchmen tread steadily along their allotted beats, when the city is hushed in the deathly stillness of midnight, they witness scenes and encounter events of the most thrilling as well as amusing.

Heavy clouds hung over the city, shutting out altogether the silvered glittering watchers of the heavens, and a stiff uncomfortable breeze from the northwest swept the streets. No wonder that two watchmen of the ninth ward rubbed their hands with glee as they heard the chime of St. Paul jingle quarter of 8 o'clock, the time for them to retire from their beats to the dismissing roll-call. No wonder that they boldly faced the fierce winds, and made their big feet pat the sidewalks most merily. No wonder they rejoiced in the close of their night's work, and anticipated naught but a comfortable bed and a more

Passing through a lighted street, they had just turned into Vine when one of the watchmen happening to raise his eyes, started back with affright and exclaimed :

" Holy mudder ! vat's dat ? "

" What ? " asked his companion, startled also at this sudden move.

"See him," replied the other, casting his long fingers in the direction of the opposite side of the street.

"Gracious!" whispered the comrade, "what are it? are it a ghost, or are it not?"

"Mine Got in Himmel! it bes a ghost," was the reply of the other terrified guardian of the night.—

"See him shunn."

"So he does—then it are no ghost. Ghosts never jump. May be he's a thief. Let's get arter him, anyhow."

This proposition was very hesitatingly agreed to by the Teutonic, but as he could not well refuse to follow his comrade, he nodded assent, and moved cautiously on. The sight which had at first so terrified them, was a tall figure clothed in a long garb of

white, which moved slowly and, apparently, in a circle upon the opposite sidewalk. As the watchmen approached the really ghost-like figure, they became more assured in the opinion that it was really a human being, and one who had not yet entered the valley and shadow of death. Still, however, their approach was cautious, and they were many feet from it, when one demanded in the tone of author-

"Who and what are ye? Speak, for we are watchmen."

The figure ceased to move, and turning his head in the direction of the watchmen, simply replied:

"Trunk by tam."

"Ha! ha! he! he!" shouted the other watchman,

"he-be's no'tin' put a trunken man's! Ha! ha! he! he!

ha! he belere aboot... Jist nish into him."

No sooner said than done. The courageous Charles approached manfully, and seized the spectre by the collar—the shirt collar, for he had no other.

"Vat you doin' here?" was the demand.

"Trunk by tam," was the reply,

"Where do you live?"

"Trunk, by tam."

"Yon's got to go wit us to de Vatch House."

By this time the whole mystery was explained. — He who had been taken for a ghost was a young German named Carlos Deikreeh. He had been libating during the night, and become so fuddled that he knew no' what he was doing.

He had really supposed himself at home, and had stripped off his clothing, and intended to lie down

on a cellar door, when he looked very much like a bed. The watchmen conducted him, in his undress state, to the Bremen street lock up, where they allowed him to sleep until 10 o'clock this morning, when they ushered him, with his swelled head, before the Police Court. Judge Pruden reprimanded Carlos for getting so drunk that he could not tell his bed from a cellar door, and for scaring two watch-

GOING TO BED.—Going to bed we have always considered one of the most sober, serious and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady it is

altogether a different thing. When bed time arrives she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and—if she has pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. The candle on the toilette—and her luxuriant hair is speedily emancipated from the thralldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears water curls, or uses the "iron," her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead, and

This task accomplished, a night cap appears, may be edged with plain muslin, or may be with heavy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the string, probably she takes a peep in her glass, and half blushes at what she sees.

The night is but—her hand, delicate form gently presses the couch—and like a dear, innocent, lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently into sleep, with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face. A man, of course, under the same circumstances acts quite differently. Every movement in his chamber indicates the coarse, rough mould of his sullen nature. When all is ready, he snuffs out the candle with his fingers,

A WELL-BESTOWED PENSION.—The English Government has granted a pension of £200 per annum

A MAN OF VARIOUS OPPORTUNITIES.—The Boston Pilot says of the Speaker of the House:

has had a varied life. He has been a factory boy, a carpenter, a machinist, a dancing master, an actor, an editor, a lawyer, a National Democrat, a coalitionist, an ardent lover of the Irish, a champion of religious liberty, a Know Nothing, and is now a Know Nothing Free Soiler. This is a chequered life.